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A Family Newspaper, devoted to the Study of the Bible and Family Religion, to the Cause of Active Piety, to the Abolition of War, Slavery, Licenticusness &c., and to Religious and General Intelligence.

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Address before the Boston Academy of Music, at the opening of the Odeon, Aug. 5, 1835 by Samuel A. Eliot.

(Concluded.)

II. THE PLEASURE MUSIC CONVEYS TO THE EAR. And what a pleasure it is that derived from music! And what pleasure is that refined and high gratification, which the goodness of God, we are permitted to taste. Every sense made the means of enjoyment. Every nerve conveys pleasurable sensation to the perceiving mind. We cannot look upon the works of the Creator, we cannot open our eyes without pleasure; we cannot taste of his bounties without the same time gratifying our palate. We cannot breathe the fragrant air without delight. But though every sense has its appropriate pleasures, which are spread around us, if we will but open our eyes, with a bountiful hand nothing but infinite beneficence could have drawn from the stores of infinite wisdom and infinite power; yet I cannot hesitate to place foremost in these gratifications of sense, that which flows in upon the ear from the sweet, and the ever-varying combinations of music, as there is any thing which can be compared to it. It is the harmony of well selected instruments; it is the harmony of well selected intervals; it is graceful airs, or the melody or the delicate touch of the vibrating string; or the noble swell of the soul thrilling organ; unless, indeed, it be some simple strain of a rich voice, or the skilful modulations of one well cultivated. But when modulations of one well cultivated. But when modulations of one well cultivated. But when these are united and combined as scientific composers know how to use them; when we listen to the air, the chorus, the overture, the accompaniment, the vocal and the instrumental sounds which are mingled, and varied, and frequently repeated and poured together in exquisite melodies, or grand combinations, we drink in a delight which nothing in nature or art can give; we revel in an ecstasy of which we know not the like. We are lost in wonder, love and praise. And by any, the happiest sensation, the most exalted state of the soul, we enjoy all this with the accompanying conviction of the purity, innocence, and elevation of this mode of spending an hour of leisure. Music has been called "the only sensual pleasure without sin." Milton go so far as to say that there were sin in admitting it to the gratifications of the other senses. Our puritan forefathers thought otherwise. They eschewed all kinds of instrumental music for some reason that they rejected the robes and the ceremonial of the church from which they came, as partaking too much of spiritual pomp, of the priesthood, of the pageantry of royalty, or the priestcraft, they despised and abhorred. Notwithstanding, therefore, the frequent and complacent mention of instruments of all sorts, of all kinds, in their translation of the Book of Psalms, and notwithstanding it was the employment of the prophet and king of Israel to compose poetry to be sung in public worship, and accompanied, probably, by those very musical instruments, they contined the use of the people to music where it scarcely be repressed, to the harsh sound of their untrained voices, repeating the somewhat uncouth verses of their psalm or sacred song. Perhaps the unnecessary severity not to call it a slight and unjust one which was one of their characteristics, may not unfairly be ascribed, in part, to their contempt for an art that would have softened their sternness, if any thing could have changed the unbending quality of their strength.

In later times, too, even in our own day, a feeling of distrust, if not absolute dislike of music, has prevailed the serious, and I may safely call that the better portion of the community, in every denomination, and till a recent period, its almost exclusive association, with the dangerous attractions of the theatre, or the bacchanalian festivity.

But we must learn in this, as in other things, to distinguish between the use and the abuse, the good and natural conection, and the artificial and unnecessary combination. If there is danger in the character of the public amusements but we should be interested in the domestic concert, and what more elegant, what more innocent and improving recreation can be presented to the mind's eye, than that of a family, happy enough to have acquired in youth the requisite skill in combining their several powers in the performance of the sweet production of its worthy parents. It can hardly fail to produce that harmony of heart, of which that of their voices is a sweet and suitable emblem.

III. ITS POWER OF PRODUCING EMOTIONS. It certainly will not fail; for music has a moral power, which, under such circumstances, cannot be resisted by any human heart. Who, indeed, can resist its power under any circumstances? Can we hear the immortal works without cheerfulness, or sad music without sympathy, or solemn music without awe? Is there any feeling of our nature to which music is not or may not be addressed, and which, when properly adapted, it does not awaken and increase? One is almost ashamed to state a proposition so like a truism. Its power is in some degree or other, acknowledged by all, while it is, of course, most felt by those whose sensibility has been improved by cultivation.

Whatever may be said of the power of music over the emotions and feelings, will be liable to the charge of exaggeration from those who are less sensible to it and at the same time, if so great sensible to it and at the same time, if so great over the majority of persons as hardly to be susceptible of exaggeration. If the mind is to be excited or soothed, thrilled with horror or with delight, touched with kindness or hardened into severity, softened with pity, or steeled with awe, or aroused to any passion, it is by means of music. Is there any thing which can be compared to it? Is there any thing which can be compared to it? Is there any thing which can be compared to it?

Religious Intelligence.

Renewal effort for the Salvation of Souls

At the monthly meeting of the Board of the City Tract Society of N. York on Monday evening, 21st, the reports of a very cheering character were read from the visitors of the several wards. It appeared that the laborers in this blessed cause have taken hold of the work with new vigor, and were expecting to reap a rich harvest.—We know not what the present excitement in our city may end with a rich harvest.—We know not what the present excitement in our city may end with a rich harvest.—We know not what the present excitement in our city may end with

ger.] He added, I am glad to be informed that there is one more temperance hotel, from which all intoxicating liquors are excluded.

The resolution was then referred back to the committee.

The next reported and passed were

Resolved, That the increase of the number of public houses in which intoxicating liquor as a beverage is not sold, is highly auspicious to the cause of Temperance—and provided their accommodations are in other respects, as they should be, equal or superior to other establishments, they will greatly promote the comfort of travelers, and the welfare of the community, and should receive the patronage of the friends of Temperance.

Resolved, That as the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a drink, greatly increases the pecuniary burdens of the people, and is therefore unjust towards the community, it ought in our view to be voluntarily and universally abandoned.

Two LETTERS were then read. One from Mr. Delavan of Albany, giving it as his opinion in substance, that if the pledge against very strong language, that if the pledge against wine &c. was not adopted, the temperance movement is at an end. The other was from Rev. Dr. Miller, expressing, in equally strong terms, his opposition to the wine pledge, and the evils which must grow out of it. He also recommended fermented wine for communion.

The committee reported a resolution on the subject of licences, in which the phrase intoxicating liquors was inserted.

Dr. EDWARDS said,—What are intoxicating liquors? They are those which make drunkards, —which perpetuate drunkenness. Inquiries are coming to us from various parts of the world, respecting the principles and measures of our temperance reformation. There, generally, it is not distilled spirits that produces drunkenness. In England it is malt liquors. In France it is wine. If we expect to exert any good influence on those countries, we must exclude all intoxicating drinks.

To bring the 'wine question' directly before the convention, it was moved to strike out the words 'intoxicating drinks,' and insert, 'distilled liquors.'

Mr. WRIGHT said,—'To great prudence of the convention is now distinctly before us. The question is, shall we confine our pledge to distilled liquors, or shall we include wine, &c.

[illegible] Rev. Mr. [illegible] proving of the [illegible] Dr. [illegible] [illegible] Mr. President, [illegible] exclude all intoxicating [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Mr. Porter. The enclosed lines are suggested by the death of Mahlon P. Chapman of Andover, Theological Seminary, who died Sept. 1st, 1835, aged 26. Whose obituary notice we saw in the Spectator. We can say a measure know his worth. He spent his last vacation with us. Humble, faithful and untiring, he was the instrument in God's hand of great good. He is gone and there are numbers here who will meet him at Christ's right hand in that great day, and appear as stars in his crown of eternal rejoicing.

"The righteous, are taken away from the evil to come"

Yes, thou art gone, thy funeral knell hath tolled.
Thy earthly tabernacle, now dissolved,
And laid to rest in the low bed of clay,
Awaits, in hope, the archangel's trump.
But oh! we mourn,—our very hearts are stricken.
Among the fiery feelings of the world,
Bear brought of thee is dearly, strongly twined.
But well we know thy worth, thy holiness
Of heart and life, and thy engagedness,
In thy great Master's work, and now
Oh have we heard thy exhortation poured,
Upon the careless dying sinner's ear.
Oh have we knelt with thee before the throne
Of heavenly mercy, and have heard thee plead
For the blood-red indulgence of the Holy Ghost,
To come and melt each stubborn heart of stone.
And we have followed thee with prayer and hope,
And when we left thee in the house to house,
On mercy's errand sent. And mercy came,
And many here were rescued from the power
And slavery of sin, who will be with thee
In thy bright crown, on the awarding day.
Thou let us murmur not, that thou art called
In early life to thy heavenly rest.
Were thou holiest seemingly entered on the field
Of glorious conflict,—that so very soon,
Thou wast called on to join the shining host,
Of faithful ones in the high courts of bliss.
Oh! let us for our parted brother mourn?
Up to those heights, where thou art singing now?
With what ecstatic rapture dost thou join,
With angels and archangels in the song
Of praise to Him, who sitteth on the throne,
And to the Lamb forever.——

And when from that untold of world of joy,
Thou look'dst down on those once transpiring here,
And see'st that little band assembled there
Where thou so often met, while yet upon
A sojourner and as a stranger here,
A herald of the gospel of the captured spirit,
To see thousands who by their warnings here,
And training now, to meet thee in the skies?
Methinks I hear thee say, as oft we've heard
When leading with thee in the hour of prayer,
"Not unto us, but unto the Great Name,
Be all the praise, forever ever more."
Well, we will leave thee now to drink full draughts
Of perfect bliss, at life's eternal fount.

——We'll rejoice, that thou
Wast counted meet for the inheritance,
Of the redeemed in heaven; that thou wast led to them
From all the turmoil of this vale of tears,
The sad effects of sin, up to that world
Of peace and rest, to God's own people given.
——And we'll remember thee,
Thy record of thy worth is deeply graved,
On many a heart that bleeds at parting now.

——We'll tell them that they,
Who heard thy heartfelt warning given,
And turned away in last impenitence,
Would hear thee now; therefore we send to them
From thy low bed of death. Oh may they heed
Thy last, thy thrice reiterated warning.
Urbanus.

Andover, Sept. 1835.

The following letter is from the sister of the late Mr Grimke, of Charleston, S. C. to Mr Garrison.

Philadelphia, 8th month, 30th, 1835.

Respected Friend:

It seems as if I was compelled at this time to address thee; notwithstanding all my reasonings against the propriety of it on the principle that the acclamations of an insignificant a person as myself offering their the sentiments of sympathy at this alarming crisis.

I can indeed participate in the deep and solemn interest with which I have viewed the violent proceedings of the last few weeks, although I expected our friends would be treated as they are so soon—it took me by surprise, and I greatly feared Abolitionists would be thrown back in the first stage of their progress. So fearful was I, that when I clung with unflinching firmness to our *principles*, yet I was afraid of even opening one of thy papers, lest I should see some indication of compromising the surrender, some palliation. Under these feelings, I was urged to read thy Appeal to the citizens of Boston. Judge, then, what was my joy and gratitude, on finding that my fears were utterly groundless, and that thou stoodest firm in the midst of the storm, determining to *suffer* and to die, rather than to yield one inch. My heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise to the Preserver of men; I thanked God, and took courage, entered into the spirit of thy Appeal, and my whole soul was *prepared* to meet the Martyr's doom, rather than give up the principles you (i.e. Abolitionists) have undertaken to advocate for all which you stand is holy ground: never—never surrender it. If you surrender it, the hope of the slave is extinguished, and you will be justly held up to the scorn of all things—willing to be the scorn and reproach of *professed* and profane. You must obey our great moving proposition: "Resolved that all men have rights, and after that, have nothing more that they can do." Yes must, like Apostles, "count not your lives dear unto yourselves, so that you may finish your course with joy."

Religious persecution always begins with *professors*; it always has and ever will, to the end of time. Abolitionists are the first *professors* who have arisen in this land of light in the midst of the storm, determining to *suffer* and to die, rather than to yield one inch. My heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise to the Preserver of men; I thanked God, and took courage, entered into the spirit of thy Appeal, and my whole soul was *prepared* to meet the Martyr's doom, rather than give up the principles you (i.e. Abolitionists) have undertaken to advocate for all which you stand is holy ground: never—never surrender it. If you surrender it, the hope of the slave is extinguished, and you will be justly held up to the scorn of all things—willing to be the scorn and reproach of *professed* and profane. You must obey our great moving proposition: "Resolved that all men have rights, and after that, have nothing more that they can do." You